WAI-WAI GARDEN of EDEN

WAI-WAI GIRLS

THE Garden of Eden has been found again. This time it is in South America, and the petrified stump of the "Tree of Life" still stands on its site. Dr. William C. Farabee, curator of the American section of the University of Pennsylvania and leader of the Amazon expedition, which sailed from Philadelphia on March 19, 1913, and is still forcing its way through hitherto unexplored South American regions, has found both it and several different tribes of Indians so isolated, so remote from the rest of the world that they are essential primitives living in their stone age and handing down from father to son in the way of all primitives, myths and legends that have an oddly familiar ring, says the New York Sun.

These tribes live in the fastnesses of the mountains on the border line between British Guiana and Brazil, and their small settlements are about ten miles apart.

When the expedition set out from Philadelphia in its own vessel it was most completely equipped for every exigency that might arise in the prosecution of its project. Later it was deemed inexpedient to travel with so much impedimenta and the load was lightened that the party might not be restricted to the water routes.

Arriving at Para they proceeded by commercial craft up the Amazon, its northern affluent, the Negro, and from the Negro into the Branco, arriving at Boa Vista on October 17, 1913. From thence they traveled independently by canoes or overland. The way became exceedingly difficult when they tried to get through the Uraracuera river, as it wound further up the mountains, and the explorers turned back eastward on foot through British Guiana.

Three New Tribes.

On this trip Doctor Farabee discovered three news tribes—the Porocatos, the Ajamaras and the Zapacas—who were primitive men never before visited by twentieth century whites. Like most of these primitive Indians, their bamboo houses are immaculately clean and not unattractive, nor is a woman averse to posing in her home, as may be seen from the illustration.

The return of this stage of the expedition was accomplished without mishap, and late in October they reached the southern outpost of British Guiana at Melville's ranch, where they sought the co-operation of the British magistrate, H. P. C. Melville, and his able associate, John Ogilvie.

Doctor Farabee persuaded Mr. Ogilvie to join the expedition in the arduous task it now proposed—an invasion into the Tumac-Humac range of mountains which divide Brazil from the Guianas and which up to that time never had been penetrated.

As they advanced deeper into the wilderness they found tribes who knew nothing of white men or of civilization. These tribes—the Parikutu, Wai-wai, Wai-me, Chikena, Katiawan, Toneyan, Diow, Kumayenag and Ukukwanas—are simple people. They are like children, beautiful children, with a love for color and enjoyment, and they are happy, as only children can be. They have no metals or gems of any sort. They hew everything they use out of solid granite, and they have few utensils.

The women of the tribe are magnificent creatures, like shining bronze statues, with blue-black hair and wonderful eyes, the men are splendid of body and keen of mind. They weave a kind of coarse native cloth, and into this they twine the feathers of the macaw and fashion for themselves most marvelous cloaks, aprons, headdresses, necklaces and wristlets in which greens, blues, golds and scarlets blend exquisitely and which they so model as to make the wearer's person thus adorned resemble the gloriously plumaged bird they have ravaged for material.

When it is the season of loving and mating, their springtime, they adorn their bodies and dance—the Maxixe! It is really the Maxixe, and it is called by them the masheka, or peanut vine dance. This, which is a rite among all Indian tribes in this corner of the globe, was picked up by some Brazilians and taken down to Rio Janeiro, where its teachers developed it into a crude and unlovely dance, largely suggestive.

Legends Sound Familiar.

Legends of these tribes greatly resemble some Bible stories. In the beginning—so at least say the Wai-wai—there were two gods, Tuminkar and his brother Duwid. Tuminkar it was who created men and women, and afterward the animals. Duwid brought men and women food. But, having nothing to do, the first men and women amused their idleness by watching the animals. At length they noted that all these were in the habit of passing in one direction in the morning of each day, and returning toward the other in the evening. So they said: "Let us go with the animals and see where they go and what they do."

They followed, and came with the animals to a great tree bearing on its branches all kinds of fruits and vegetables.

Thereupon they told Duwid next day that he need not bring them food any more, for they knew where to get it themselves.

"It shall be as you wish," replied Duwid, "but henceforth you must work to obtain the food to eat. Tomorrow the tree will be cut down, but in order that you may not starve, I will tell you this: If you will break off a branch bearing each kind of fruit and plant this in the ground, water it carefully every day, tending and protecting it, it will grow and produce each seed after its kind. Thus you may continue to eat of the fruit of the tree. But you will have to work for it."

Following the instructions of Duwid the first men set about breaking off branches from the great tree and planting them, selecting those which bore different kinds of fruit and vegetables. Presently, however, they grew tired of labor and stopped. Hence, when the tree was cut down only a few of the many varieties of food which it grew had been saved for mankind, and so there are today only a few species of edible plants in the world. If the first people had been more industrious these would have been found in greater plenty. Moreover, to this day it is necessary to work in order to make the cassava grow.

The stump of the tree endures. It is pointed out in the form of a steep rock, which indeed resembles the trunk of a great tree.

Metric System.

The fundamental unit of the metric system is the meter, the unit of length. It is 39.37 inches. The prefix milli means one thousandth, centi, one-hundredth, deci, one-tenth; deka, ten; hecto, one hundred; kilo, one thousand. Where miles are used in England and the United States for measuring distance the kilometer (1,000 meters) is used in metric countries. The kilometer is about 5 furlongs. There are about 1,600 meters in a statute mile, 20 meters in a chain and 5 meters in a rod. The meter is used for dry goods, merchandise, engineering construction, building and other purposes where the yard and foot are used. The meter is about a tenth longer than the yard. The centimeter and millimeter are used instead of the inch and its fractions in machine construction and similar work. The centimeter, as its name shows, is the hundredth of a meter. It is used in cabinet work, in expressing sizes of papers, books and many cases where the inch is used. The centimeter is about two-fifths of an inch and the millimeter about one twenty-fifth of an inch. The millimeter is divided for finer work into tenths, hundredths and thousandths.

Original Forms of Life.

It is believed that the original forms of life began in the ocean many million years ago, and at no time since has life there ceased. Many of the earliest forms are now extinct; others have gradually increased in number and variety from their beginning to the present time. How long ago life began no one has definitely determined; but it is known to have been many million years ago, for the remains of extinct animals and plants are found in the oldest sedimentary rocks.

To Keep Well.

A knowledge of the law of immunity teaches that when our health is at its best our restraining power is at its best. Hence we say we are immune to disease. While it is wise and necessary to avoid, control and destroy disease producing germs wherever found, it is very necessary to render the body as nearly immune as possible and then keep it in that condition.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By A. NEELY HALL and DOROTHY PERKINS

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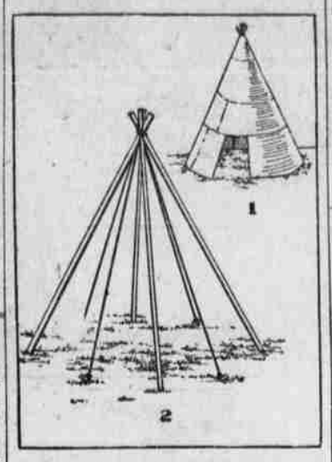
FOR BACK-YARD CAMPING.

We cannot all go camping in the woods, but there is opportunity for every one of you boys to build a camp in the back yard or a nearby lot.

Best of all, the near-to-home camp requires no equipment other than what you can prepare with materials that can be picked up around home. There is the tepee shown in Fig. 1, for example, made of clothes poles, clothes line and old pieces of cloth. You can likely borrow four clothes poles for the purpose, as you will in no way destroy them. Stand these poles on the ground with their lower ends spread five or six feet apart, and their upper ends crossed as shown in Fig. 2. Then, taking pieces of clothes

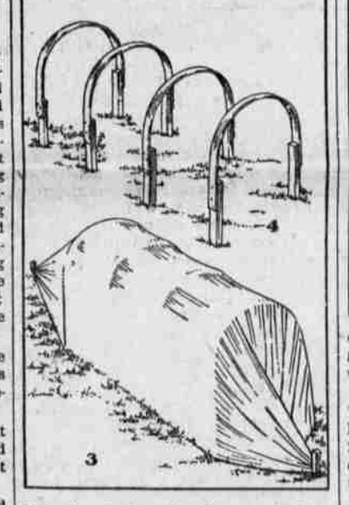


line, or any other heavy rope, tie them to the upper crossed ends of the poles, and run them down and tie to stakes driven into the ground half-way between the poles, as shown in Fig. 2.

Figure 1 shows the framework covered with odd-sized pieces of cloth.

The torpedo-shaped shelter tent shown in Fig. 3 is a new form that I have devised for you boys. Four barrel hoops and eight two-foot stakes are needed for its framework, and enough cloth to cover this.

Open the barrel hoops where their ends are joined, and nail each end of each hoop to one of the stakes. Then drive into the ground the other end of each stake of the frames thus



formed, placing the frames in line with one another and about eighteen inches apart. The covering material must be made long enough to extend sufficiently beyond the framework to inclose it in the manner shown in Fig. 3. Drive a stake into the ground about eighteen inches away from each end of the framework, to fasten the covering to.

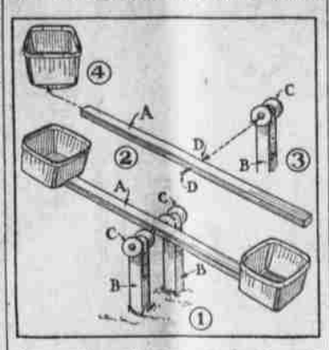
A small campfire can be built with safety in the back yard if you make a fireplace like that shown in Fig. 5, with earth banked up on each side to keep the fire within a confined area. Bank up the earth in the form of two ridges, with four or five inches between the ridges at one end, and about twelve inches between at the other end. A coffee pot and other

small utensils can be stood over the fire at the narrow end, and larger receptacles at the wide end. Pots may be hung over the fire by fastening a wire above it in the manner shown, and bending pothooks similar to that shown in Fig. 6, out of wire, by which to suspend the pots.

A DOLL'S TEETER, MERRY-GO-ROUND AND FERRIS WHEEL.

The teeter (Fig. 1) requires a stick 24 or 30 inches long and two inches wide, for the teeter board (A, Fig. 2), two short sticks for supports (B, Fig. 1), a spool bearing for the top of each upright (C), and a berry box for each end of the teeter board.

Locate the center of the length of stick A, upon each edge, and then drive a nail into both edges at this point (D, Fig. 2). Drive uprights B into the ground three inches apart,

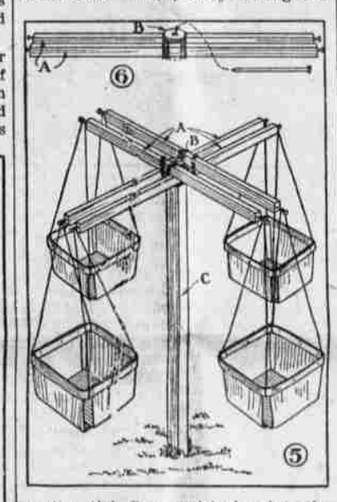


then, after slipping spools C over nails D, bind them to the tops of uprights B.

The form of merry-go-round shown in Fig. 5 is sometimes called the "flying airships." The toy requires four sticks about 24 inches long for cross arms (A, Fig. 5), a spool for a hub (B), a stick 24 inches long for a center upright (C), four berry boxes for cars, and some strings and nails.

First bind a pair of the cross-arm sticks A to the sides of the spool (Fig. 6), placing the spool at the exact center of the length of the sticks, and wrapping the string tightly around the sticks so the spool cannot turn. Then cross these sticks with the other pair, and bind this second pair securely to the first, as shown in Fig. 5.

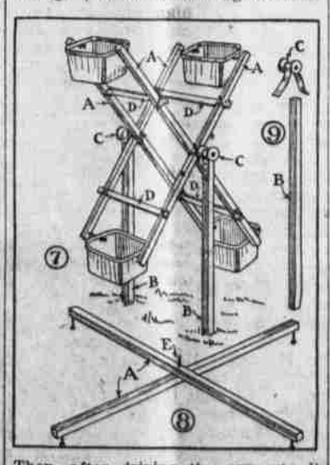
Drive a nail into the end of each cross arm. Then, after driving the



center stick C several inches into the ground, pivot the spool hub to its top with a nail.

For the Ferris wheel shown in Fig. 7 you will need four sticks 30 inches long for cross arms (A), two sticks 24 inches long for supports (B), a pair of spools for bearings (C), four sticks ten inches long for connecting braces (D) and four berry boxes.

Cross the sticks A at their exact centers, in pairs, and drive a nail through the exact center, as shown in Fig. 8. Use a long enough nail so the point will project about one inch and one half, as shown at E. To keep the sticks at right angles, bind their centers with string passed diagonally around them as shown in Fig. 7. On the face opposite to that on which nail E projects, drive 2-inch nails into the cross arms near their ends, as shown in Fig. 8, on which to hang the cars.



Then, after driving the supports B into the ground about ten inches apart, bind the spool bearings C to their tops, slip the nails E of the cross arms into spools C, and brace the framework by binding the strips D to them as shown in Fig. 7. After the braces have been put on, all that remains to complete the Ferris wheel is the cutting of holes through opposite sides of the berry boxes, large enough for the nails in the ends of cross arms A to slip through.

Sensitizing Blue-Print Paper.

In an attempt to engineer around the difficulty encountered in moist climates where special care must be taken in storing quantities of unexposed blue-print paper, a simple apparatus has been built which allows an individual user to sensitize paper as it is needed. In operating it, a roll of blank paper is fed into the machine from a point near the base. As this is drawn upward it is passed over a coating cylinder which is supplied with a chemical solution. After the paper is treated, it is passed across a roller in an electrically heated drying oven and is then wound. The paper is 42 inches in width and may be used within an hour after the sensitizing operation. The machine has an output varying from 150 to 200 yards an hour.—Popular Mechanics.

The Tuneful Watermelon.

Our idea of a natural and unassuming person is one who eats his watermelon harmonica fashion.—Springfield Union.

FRENCH WOMEN MAKE AMMUNITION

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This photograph shows a scene now common in France, where the women have largely taken the place of men in the ammunition factories. They are seen filling shells with shapnel.

WORST OF HORRORS

Visit to War Hospitals Described by Writer.

Procession of the Blind Soldiers Leaves an Impression of the Awful Hideousness of War That Can Never Be Effaced.

By GRACE ELLISON.

Northern France.—A little town nestling in a wealth of trees—in peace time it is almost unheard of, now it is an important military station—this is my next halting place. Every house is occupied by soldiers, every building of importance is turned into a hospital.

So near the front there are cases which need all the science of the trained nurse to pull them through. Men unnerved almost to madness, men who mistake all the male staff for the enemy—one has only to listen to the ravings of these poor men to know something of the strain of war on them.

I was taken to the eye ward to see the operations there. Of all the horrors of war, is not this the worst? I have seen jaws smashed beyond recognition—human beings who had forgotten their very names—men who can live to a ripe old age and never have anything in common with the great life going on around them; but the procession of blind men, or men who might be blind, has left an impression of the hideousness of war that can never be effaced.

Here is a brilliant young lieutenant. His father was only a concierge, but he worked and saved to give his son his chance. The son has gone through with flying colors—now he is blind. He was lying in the officers' ward when I saw him—the ward was darkened, for there were others suffering, too. He had in his hand a portrait of the little girl he had never seen. "Only take off the bandage an instant, that I may look at my little girl," he pleaded. "I dare not," answered the doctor. Who will have the courage to tell him the 'ruth?

A poor man has come that day from the trenches—the blood is still on his face—his eyes are bandaged. An old man leads him in, and the nurse prepares him for the examination. One sees the answer on the doctor's face—blind, blind—one after another. One dare not think—the horror of it all seems to numb one's very soul.

We have started early, for we have so far to go and we are stopped; it is another examination of our papers. But who is speaking? Voices seem to be beside me in the car! What is this mystery? I listen carefully, when suddenly two officers pop up from underground and disappear. The horrid, uncanny idea trench war is! It does not somehow seem fair and square.

We have to pass along the road which the French soldiers have christened "the Jaws of Death." A young man on the way tells us the Germans pepper everyone who goes up that road—perhaps we shall be the exception. Up the narrow, stony passage we plow our way—if by any chance the car stops we are finished—yet if we go too quickly we shall make a cloud of dust. As it is we are part and parcel of the dusty landscape. I keep my eyes on the enemy's lines. And on we go till we have turned the corner and are safe again for a while.

On and on we go—more and more distinctly is the firing heard. Where are we? We are on a height, and suddenly we discover an artillery duel is taking place in the trenches near by—the trenches are ablaze, shells are bursting on all sides. They are going to bombard the hill. The tocsin has already sounded, and all the inhabitants are in the cellars. A group of three women rush out from a neighboring house. One is biting her shawl, another is sobbing bitterly, and yet another cries in anguish, "Year in, year out, how long must this suffering last?"

We are ordered into the cellars. A German aeroplane is there to direct the enemy's firing. We have been seen—this time we have to go through the shells—they will finish us now. Our only hope is speed. One shell has burst 80 yards from the car. Another is sent ahead—it has struck a farm, and the farm blazes up in pillars of smoke and fire. My chauffeur drives right through it—on and on like a flash of lightning.

Have they ceased firing? I shall hear those shells for days and days. I am too tired even to be tired. All along the road the troops are moving. They are so covered with dust they might be Asiatics, and the sun has browned them to a manliness a woman cannot fail to admire.

It was a curious visit. I was glad I went. But how strange they look, these dwellers in the bowels of the earth. In one trench is a roof of hurdles, covered with leaves, which opens and shuts like the fairy-book trapdoor; there is a mud and hurdle seat, on which letters are being written to those loved ones left behind.

And they are all so well and happy and confident, these soldiers, and so courteous and so manly. Can it be possible they are the Parisians we knew only a year ago? The ordering out of the pale, undersized males, who lounge along the boulevards; the taking from the cafes, drawing rooms and theater wings the idle youth of the country, and turning them into dwellers of the forest and plain, with a sense of danger and duty, is not this the only side of war that is tolerable?

JOHN D., JR., IN OVERALLS

Forgetting for the time that he was the most powerful young man in industry in America, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., son of the great Standard Oil magnate, dressed in a suit of overalls and went down into the coal mines of Trinidad to see for himself under what conditions his men labored, and to investigate the causes of the great strike which practically caused civil war in Colorado.

HUNTS FOR BIG GAME AT 99

"I Don't Take Water From Any of These Young Fellows," Says Spry Veteran.

Portland, Ore.—Jeremiah Paulsell, ninety-nine years old, has taken out a license to hunt big game. He claimed a free license by reason of his being a Civil war veteran.

"I don't take water from any of these young fellows," said Mr. Paulsell.

He was born in Hamilton, Ind., October 10, 1816. He enlisted in the regular army in 1834 and saw service through the Mexican and Civil wars. He expects to go hunting alone.

Storm-Scared, Admits Fraud.

Houston, Tex.—His conscience aroused by the recent Galveston hurricane, an unnamed Missourian has made restitution of $2.40 obtained at the time of the storm of 1900, when he falsely stated he was a victim and so obtained free transportation from Palestine to Longview, Tex.

'WARE FRISCO HORSE DEALS!

Man Who Bought Dying Mare at City Sale Now Wants Money Back.

San Francisco.—David Harum had nothing on the city of San Francisco in a horse deal, at least so thinks Joseph M. McKevitt.

The following letter was received from McKevitt by Mayor Rolph:

"Dear Mr. Mayor: At a recent municipal auction of horses I purchased from the city one gray mare—price $15. I paid three dollars to have the horse shod in the street Superintendent Sweeney of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals told me the horse was in such condition it must be destroyed. I sent the horse to a chicken rancher. The halter has not been returned. I ask that I be reimbursed the $18 I spent. Kindly give this matter your attention."

A maxim silencer: Children should be seen and not heard.

VENICE DURING WAR

Practically Closed to Visitors of Every Nationality.

The Gondola and the Pigeons of St. Mark's Square, the City's Two Chief Characteristics, Threatened With Destruction.

By CAMILLO CIANFARRA.

(International News Service.)

Venice.—Of all the threats and perils which the exigencies of modern progress, and the requirements of modern life have heaped on Venice and her unique quaint beauty, those resulting from war are practically the worst, as they threaten to destroy two of Venice's chief characteristics, the gondola and the pigeons of St. Mark's square.

Venice saw her last brilliant season in the spring of 1914. As to the summer bathing season, it was hastily interrupted at its height by the sudden outbreak of hostilities. Owing to her position, to the fact that she possesses one of the most important military arsenals of Italy and that she is the seat of the maritime defense of the Adriatic, the city has since then been practically closed to visitors of every nationality.

After Italy's intervention, Venice became a sort of Asiatic forbidden city, and not even Italians are admitted without a special permit from the commander in chief. This permit, however, is only issued to those who can prove to the satisfaction of the inquisitorial authorities that they have legitimate business to transact within the city boundaries, and is invariably temporary. Idlers, curiosity mongers, and the socalled lovers of the picturesque, are inexorably excluded. As to the newspaper men—well, Admiral Cutinelli regards them as the most undesirable of all, whether they be Italians or from the allied countries.

The first result of the stringent measures adopted by the military authorities concerning the sojourn of foreigners, was a general closing of all large hotels and the transforming of the Lido into a sort of huge sanitarium where thousands of convalescing soldiers now bask in the sun wrapped in long white tunics and await the time for returning to the front "to finish the job." With the hotels scores of curio, lace and other shops closed to save expenses while waiting for the return of the good times.

But those who have suffered most from the absence of visitors are the thousands of pigeons nestling in the buildings and towers of Venice's famous square. It is a well-known fact that the few pounds of Indian corn the municipality provides for their maintenance are anything but sufficient properly to nourish the poor creatures, and that it was the charity of the tourists which in former years and at all seasons provided them with substantial food.

But now, the familiar sight of the old English lady or the young American misses feeding the pigeons in the center of the square is no longer to be seen and the poor birds vainly cluster around the man who stops to admire this or that facade or the frescoes of St. Mark's. The corn venders, known to thousands of Americans by their first name, are there as usual, but the purchasers are few, and the cooing pigeons fly back disappointed. Of late the pigeons have begun to emigrate to avoid starvation.

As to the gondolas and the gondoliers, they have suffered terribly from the war, and their fate resembles much that of the pigeons. It was the tourist and the wealthy visitor who patronized the gondolier, and their absence from the city for more than a year has compelled scores of gondola proprietors to go out of business and sell their outfit at a sacrifice.

The gondolier, the thick-set, sunburned, muscular specimen of humanity, that sent the gondola skimming 20 yards over the glassy surface at every stroke of the long oar, has disappeared with the mobilization, and is now either at the front or serving on one of the men-of-war cruising the Adriatic. Only a few old ones are left, and the visitor who now crosses the Grand canal is painfully impressed by the small number of gondolas in service.

At sunset, when the cupolas, the domes and the spires of Venice glitter under the last rays of the parting sun the spectacle presented by the squares is even more saddening. Navy officers in immaculate white uniforms and army officers in gray have long replaced the variegated, fashionable, wealthy crowd that in former years added to Venice's charm and picturesqueness, and tell in unmistakable words the story of Italy at war.

Yet Venice is resigned; no one complains; every class has sacrificed on the altar of patriotism its own private interests.

GETS LEGACY AND WINS BET

Akron Man Receives a Bequest of $5,700 From Germany in Spite of the War.

Akron, O.—Charles Quast of this city has received a bequest of $5,700, a share of his parents' estate in Germany. He has thereby won a $10 bet.

Since the death of his parents several months ago Quast has been endeavoring to get his share of the estate. A friend, John Ritzman, bet him $10 that he would never get the money because of the war.

TEN MINNIES CLAIM HOARD

Marshall, Mo.—Ten Minnie Reaubeaus already have made claim to the $20,000 in gold coin and nuggets dug up at the home of Charles Reaubeau, a recluse, whose will left the treasure to Minnie Reaubeau, a niece.

It was believed Reaubeau had considerable money, but no trace of it could be found until the recent flood washed away the old house and exposed a corner of an iron box buried under it.